



Greenwich Mooring, Or, Tom Hawser's Voyage thro' Life.

WHEN timber green from Childhood's Dock,
Buoy'd up by youthful notions,
My roving fancy dar'd to mock
The raging storms of oceans;
Thus braving fear, my mind became
Well sheath'd with emulation,
Tight rigg'd aboard the good ship Fame,
I took an early station;
Nor dreamt when first I went to sea,
That after hard endurings,
It so would hap that Tom should be
Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.
From boy to man, from climb to climb,
In quest of glory roving,
I weather'd oft, and many a time,
Rough gales and billows foaming;
Where Mermaids smile in liquid car,
Mid tempest's coarsest howling;
Still Hawser's heart was rigg'd with glee,
In spite of hard endurings,
Nor harbour'd e'er a thought that he
Should lie in Greenwich Moorings,
Whate'er I earn'd by sweat of brow
Was squander'd off on in folly,
Nor one reflect on do it better,
Except on lovely Molly;
Altho' love's compass fill'd my heart
To Molly's charms direct'd,
I ne'er from duty did depart,
Nor Britain's fame neglected;
When bit grew scant I went to sea,
And left her fond assurances,
Nor thought my batter'd hulk should be
Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.
I made my dearest girl a vow,
That, barring all miscarriage,
To t-be her, when re-urn'd, in tow,
And plough the seas of marriage;
But sad reverse, poor Tom no more
To faithless Poll enticing,
My sta-board limb was shiver'd sore,
Beyond the skill of splicing;
I found the fair one's clouded brow,
O cure her late allurings!
Begone! she cry'd, you're fittest now
To lie in Greenwich Moorings.
So to our gracious King I'll drink,
And swear to undo his navy,
O may fell faction quickly sink,
Deep grafted by Old Davy;
And here's a health to every gallant tar,
Brave soldier, and just trader,
In prae, if Britan's kind, in war
They'll check each bold invader;
With two limbs less than God gave me,
I smile at past enduring,
And booze my cann of grog with glee,
Laid up in Greenwich Moorings.